Dr. Wild's Poem.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS, &c.

OR, A

NEW SONG

TO AN

OLD FRIEND from an OLD POET,

Upon the Hopeful

New Parliament.

WE are All tainted with the *Athenian*-Itch,
News, and new Things do the whole World (bewitch.
Who would be Old, or in Old fashions Trade?
Even an Old Whore would fain go for a Maid:
The Modest of both Sexes, buy new Graces,
Of Perriwigs for Pates, and Paint for Faces.
Some wear new Teeth in an old Mouth; and some
Carve a new Nose out of an aged Bum.
Old *Hesiod*'s gods Immortal Youth enjoy:
Cupid, though Blind, yet still goes for a Boy;
Under one Hood Hypocrite *Janus* too,
Carries two faces, one Old, th' other New.
Apollo wears no Beard, but still looks young;
Diana, *Pallas*, *Venus*, all the throng
Of Muses, Graces, Nymphs, look Brisk and Gay,
Priding themselves in a perpetual *May*:
Whiles doting *Saturn*, *Pluto*, *Proserpin*,
At their own ugly Wrinkles Rage and Grin;

The very Furies in their looks do twine;
Snakes, whoſe embroydered skyns renew their ſhine;
And nothing makes Great *Juno* chafe and ſcold,
But *Joves* new Miſſes ſlighting her as Old.
Poets, who others can Immortal make,
When they grow Gray, their Lawrels them forſake;
And ſeek young Temples, where they may grow Green;
No Palſie-hands may waſh in *Hypocrene*;
'Twas not Terſe Clarret, Eggs, and Muskadine,
Nor Goblets Crown'd with *Greek* or *Spaniſh* Wine,
Could make new Flames in Old *Ben Johnſons* Veins,
But his Attempts prov'd lank and languid ſtrains:
His *New Inn* (ſo he nam'd his youngeſt Play,
Prov'd a blind Ale-houſe, cry'd down the firſt Day:
His own dull Epitaph——*Here lies Ben Johnſon*,
(Half drunken too) He Hickcupt---*who was once one.*
Ah! this ſad *once one*! *once* we *Trojans* were;
Oh, better never, if not ſtill we are.
Rhymes of Old Men, *Iliack* paſſions be,
When that ſhould downward go, comes up we ſee,
And are like *Jews*-Ears in an Elder-Tree;
When Spectacles do once beſtride the Noſe,
The Poet's Gallop turns to ſtumbling-Proſe.
Sir, I am Old, Cold, Mould; and you might hope
To ſee an *Alderman* dance on a Rope,
A *Judg* to act a Gallant in a Play,
Or an Old *Pluraliſt* Preach twice a day;
Of a Thin *Taylor* make a Valiant Knight,
Or a *good Subject* of a *Jeſuite*;
As an old Bald-pate (ſuch as mine you know)
Should make his Hair, or Wit and Fancy grow;
Nor is there need that ſuch a Block as I
Should now be hew'd into a *Mercury*.
When Winter's gone, the Owl his foot may ſpare,
And to the *Nightingales* reſign the Air.

Such

Such is the beautiful new face of things:
By Heavens kind Influences, and the Kings;
Joy ſhould inſpire; and all in meaſures move,
And every Citizen a *Virgil* prove.
Each *Proteſtant* turn Poet; and who not
Should be ſuſpected guilty of the *Plot*;
If, now the day doth dawn, our Cocks forbear
To clap their Wings and Crow, you well may ſweat;
It is their want of Loyalty, not Wit,
That makes them ſullen, and ſo ſilent ſit.
Galli of *Gallick* kind--I'le ſay no more,
But that their Combs are Cut, and they are ſore;
Yet to provoke them, my old Cock ſhall Crow,
That ſo his Eccho round the Town may go.

Upon the New PARLIAMENT.

MY Landlord underprop't his Houſe ſome years;
Was often warn'd---'Twould fall about his Ears;
For the main Timber, That above, and under,
By every Blaſt was apt to rend aſunder.
This year He gently took all down, and then
What of the Old prov'd ſound, did ſerve agen.
May all the New be Heart of *Engliſh* Oak,
And the whole Houſe ſtand firm from fatal ſtroke,
And nothing in't, the Founder e're provoke.
My *Grandam*, when her Bees were old and done,
Burnt the old Stock, and a new Hive begun;
And in one year ſhe found a greater ſtore
Of *Wax* and *Honey* than in all before.
Variety and Novelty delights;
Old Shooes and Mouldy Bread are *Gibeonites*.
When Cloaths grow thread-bare, and breeds Vermin too;
To *Long-Lane* with them, and put on ſome new:
When Wine turns Vinegar---All Art is vain,
The World can never make it Wine again.

'Tis

'Tis time to wean that Child, who bites the Breaſt;
And Chaſe thoſe fowls, that do befowl their Neſt.
VVhen *Nolls* Noſe found the Rump began to ſmell;
He dock't it, and the Nation lik't it well.
Caſt the old-mark't and greazy Cards away,
And give's a new Pack, elſe we will not play;
Nothing but Pork, and Pork, and Pork to eat!
Good Landlord give's freſh COMMONS for our Meat.
Trent Council Thirty years lay ſows'd in pickle,
Until it prov'd a ſtinking Conventicle.
And now Old *Rome* plays over her old Tricks,
This *Seventy-nine*, ſhall pay for *Sixty-ſix*:
Out of the Fire, like new-refined Gold,
How bright new *London* looks above the Old!
All Creatures under Old Corruptions groan,
And for a New Creation make their moan:
The *Phœnix* (of her ſelf grown weary) dyes
Unto ſucceſſion a burnt-ſacrifice:
Old Eagles breed bad Hawks, and they worſe Kites,
And they blind Buzzards, (as Old *Pliny* VVrites),
Deans, Prebends, Chaplains think themſelves have wrong,
VVhen *Biſhops* live unmercifully long;
And poor *Diſſenters* beg they may aſcend
Into a Pulpit from the Tables end.
And who hath not by good experience found
Beſt Crops are gained by new-broken ground,
And the firſt ſeed---OATS ſifted clean and ſound?
But yet Old Friends, Old Gold, Old King, I priſe:
Old *Tyburn* take them who do otherwiſe:
Heaven Chaſe the Vultur from our Eagles Neſt,
And let no Ravens this *March*-Brood moleſt;
So Sings poor Robin Redbreſt.

FINIS.

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